



THE POPE'S TRUMPH OVER GARIBALDI BY JOSEPH SADLER

Rejoice now you faithful all over the land,
With thanks to kind heaven the news it is grand,
The King of Sardinia the loathsome old pup,
Forever I think he got fish ing enough,
The man of the Lord they cannot abide,
I hear next they're going to stop the oceans tide,
They'll have to rise early said poor Nelly Gray-
The creatures can't see till it's far in the day.

CHORUS—

Long life to the Pope boys that long may he reign,
All the works of perdition can't tarnish his name,
To day he's victorious & set still in Rome,
In spite of Sardinia the victory's his own.

Oh curse'd Victor Immanuel has broke th' treaty
He made with Napoleon as plain you may see,
And to kick Garibaldi out by the way,
But he's sent him out, so plunker next day,
Sardinia has not Garibaldi now nail'd,
O so but the five shillings truth reveal'd,
To plunder the Pope he's on ar go again
For old Victor Immanuel he's light in the brain

The King of Sardinia to and fro he is to and fro,
One thousand and more of his blood hounds he lost
The long he nabbed out and said Rome they'd take,
But now to their grief they met a sad mistake,
A French Officer brave as plain you may see,
He said in a moment to Garibaldi
Your sword or your halberd soon get the rope,
No more Garibaldi will hully the Pope,

The brave Roman soldiers can handle the steel
As well aye as any ere enter'd the field,
Their valour the shrewd's well known the other day
In case of of the Pope boys the soon clear'd the way
In Malborough St Church to meet the other day,
Our liberal heroes the made no delay,
All acted most generous in this grand appeal
In behalf of Pope may their praise never fail

Our Irish brigade are as willing to day
As ever they were for to march away,
If wanting again they're the boys to sail ore,
Their Pluck at Ancona they shew'd it before,
Simon M. Xus is gone as the monster Voltair,
The impious Nestor's too he disappear'd,
Th' ir seen eag against her could not do at all
Thou art Peter my boys she out lived them all,

The faith of Saint Patrick they'll neaver do away
No matter how billows may foam now to day
Tho many may try for to rock her in waves,
In triumph she'll surmount each boisterous wave,
Curse'd Victor Immanuel let him mind his crown,
Like a well-beaten cock all his feathers are down,
Since he got his mach he has not the p'uck,
Napoleonic will make him dance Sally come up,

Garibaldi forever indeed is undone,
I fear now for him the rope it is spun,
It's time now to stop this arch bit of a wag,
I mean Garibaldi the devil's old brag
The brave Roman soldiers no cowardice shewn,
The fought the like lions and true sons of Rome
They proved to the world that they are no j
May they always be able to defend the Pop
P. Brereton 1 Lt Exchanger, at Dublin